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# The "It"

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**Chapter 1 by CallMeFuzzy**

I know it's there. It's been there since we got in the car. I saw it through the front mirror. It was just sitting in the backseat. I didn't do anything. I just started the car and kept going. I'm terrified. I'm sweating and my hands are trembling over the plastic cover of the steering wheel. The headlights barely illuminate the night road and it requires nearly all my focus to keep the car from swerving into the forest. It just keeps staring out the window. Why hasn't it moved? I turn my head slowly, wondering if James saw it too. I want to say something to him, scream, call for help, do something! But I'm paralyzed, keeping my eyes on the empty country road. I keep driving. I don't stop, not even at stop signs. I don't make any noise. The car has been silent since we left the gas station.

James is hunched over his phone, staring at the screen. His fingers are flying over the keyboard. He hits one last key and stops.

My phone jumps to life and buzzes on the dashboard in front of me. I grab it as quickly as I can and nearly drop it twice trying to find the button to turn the sound off. Once the buzzing stops, I clench my teeth and pray it didn't hear. Nothing happens for a few minutes. Did it not hear? Did

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